

5 Gray St. Edinburgh
Oct. 18 - '33.

Dearest Mrs. Chapman,

You are at length enjoying
a little stillness, I trust, after
your hurried journeyings &
their attendant fatigues. I
know what blended peace,
joy, & sadness you are ex-
periencing; I long to hear how
great a change you perceive
in your beloved friend, & how
far she is capable of enjoying
your presence, & of talking to
you on the subjects which
lie closest to you both. Send
me one short line when you
have leisure & are rested; that
won't be for two or three days

yet I am aware, for I comprehend
~~what effect~~ travelling has upon
you, & what additional drain
on your energies the varied em-
otions of your present journey
must occasion. It is a great
satisfaction however that you
& the Manchester & Leeds
friends have met "in the
flesh"; & most earnestly do I
trust that you may see the
incomparable Wighams! I
never knew their like, & yet I
am fully alive to the worth of
all whom you have now & heretofore
seen of our household of faith.
Mrs Wigham is all executive
activity, sound common sense

directness of purpose, tact, sympathy,
outspokenness. Eliza is all soul,
contemplative, clear-sighted, tender-hearted, ~~and~~
acting bravely because action
is demanded, too lowly-minded
to retire to take her proper stand,
but winning love & reverence
from everyone by these very
characteristics, as well as by
her steadfast devotedness to
principle. She always reminds
^{me} of a sensitive plant, she is so
susceptible, that such an intui-
tive perception of how things
affect other people. Nothing
daunts her when she is the
victim of the thunderbolt - which
she attracts, but it is a terrible
struggle to her to disconcert any

one else by word or deed, & she
has not quite as much con-
fidence in her own judgement
as her friends have. But I
draw pictures to lure you here.
I know you will try to come.
As I could not meet you in
Manchester, & as a letter from
my Aunt Reynolds is just arriv-
ing saying she is prevented from stop-
ping in Bristol next week (which
calculated ^{upon}) I will wait here
till you write again; for I can
yet relinquish all hope of seeing
you. My day of leaving Edin-
burgh or reaching home is not im-
portant now. I should be very
impatient to be at work if I
could work; but unfortunately
I have acquired a bad trick of

getting headaches, & fits of
blindness & giddiness when
I write or get into hot rooms
or pore over papers; & some-
times they come with the
mere force of associations.
So idleness is imposed upon
me, & it is a less disagreeable
medicine in the midst
of loving friends here than
in my solitary home. You
know the hidden life of
thought & feeling which I
am living all this time,
dearest - Mrs Chapman,
I never think of writing

about it to you. Others may
need description to make
them apprehend it; to you
all is familiar. Yes, dates do
bring flashes of the past
vividly before our eyes, &
remind us in the homely words
of a ^{woman} ^{callety} become a
worthy widow who resides
here (Mr^s Kenton) that "One has
to think ones own think now."
What an unspeakable blessing
it is that our "think" has no
bitterness in it, all our as-
sociations with the departed
are hallowed & full of light.

Did you see an editorial
in the Inquirer last week, -
widely Russell Carpenter's

commending
production, ~~on~~ F. Douglass's
anti slavery, & retailing the
anti garrisonian stuff? It is
a misfortune that "English
Unitarianism" of whose fruits
you have ^{seen} such pleasing ex-
cimens, should be dependent
upon such teachers as R. L. C.
& Rev. W. W. Channing! But if one
of the true-hearted says a word
in defence of the truth he is
set down as factious, un-
candid, one-sided, illiberal &c.
&c. Under this pretext a deaf
ear is turned to his statements.
How earnestly I wish Mr
May, or a Unitarian minister
of his school could come to our
rescue as an antidote to the

slow poison of the others!
Good bye, for this theme is too
extensive to enter upon. Please
to let me hear as soon as you
can give me a hint of when
where I may hope to catch
sight of you; & with affectionate
love to dear Mr Martineau

Believe me, your attached
Mary Estlin.

I am delighted at your having
seen Mr H. Turner. I knew
they would harmonize. It
is only from an incident allu-
sion in your letter, to your Father's
amendment that I gather he has
been out of health. I hope not
alarmingly so?